

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 16.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1894.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. M. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Recorder, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Robt. K. Burns.
Clerk of Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk of Cr. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r of Co. Cl., O. M. Koe.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.
Coroner, Geo. P. Moore.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock; Chas. Cook, Elroy; W. H. Green, Rustonsville; Geo. E. Taylor, Dumore; O. R. Curry, Academy; Tom Bruffy, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 2nd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

N. C. McWELL.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC.
Attorney-at-Law.
Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER.
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public.
Marlinton, W. Va.
Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE.
Attorney-at-Law.
Lewistown, W. Va.
Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Marlinton, W. Va.
Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

A. NEWBERRY.
Attorney-at-Law.
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Will be found at Times Office.

D. R. O. J. CAMPBELL.
DENTIST.
Marlinton, Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year.
The stated date of his visits will appear in this paper.

D. J. R. WEYMOUTH.
DENTIST.
Dover, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUMMINGS, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office next door to R. A. Taylor's Hotel.
Residence opposite Hotel.
All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.
has located at
POCAHONTAS, W. VA.
Calls promptly answered.

C. B. SWECKER.
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.
1211 Court, Marlinton and Thacker Landing, West Virginia.
Will sell on commission or for cash. Real estate, furniture, household goods, etc., at public or private sale. Also, real estate, furniture, household goods, etc., at public or private sale. Also, real estate, furniture, household goods, etc., at public or private sale.

M. F. GIESEY.
Architect and Superintendant.
Architect, Marlinton, West Virginia.

Financial Reflections.

AN editorial leader in the *Atlanta Constitution*, October 21st, is an excellent editorial on the stringency of the times. It was written in the light of that lamp to which Patrick Henry referred as the "Lamp of experience."

To encourage those inclined to take hopeless and disconsolate views of the hard times now upon us, the writer says: "The moral of the history of the different panics lies in this. No matter how hard the times are, people will get along somehow. In their large results, events continue to be shaped, as in the days of the prophets, by a hand that is mightier than any human force, by a ruler that is wiser than presidents and congresses; in some way or other, and in good time, that mighty hand will lead our people out of the troubles and difficulties so burdensome now. When all is said and done, we come at last to the truth that lies at the source of the spring of bitter waters: Man proposes but God disposes; and all troubles and hardships shape themselves to His inevitable purposes in the end."

This is good sense and better politics.

It is a remarkable fact that the leading minds of the past few centuries attribute most of their intellectual power to the inspiration of the Holy Writings. Their verdict is that no one who expects to lead a professional life can afford to remain ignorant of the Bible.

McCook, in America, Gladstone, in England, the foremost men in the world, would never consent to be deprived of the privilege of searching the Scriptures. A student of the Bible recommends careful consecutive reading, a very beneficial exercise in forming correct general impressions, and thus better qualified to interpret the particulars of the sacred books. The Prophet Daniel was read in forty minutes. Two others reading at the same time, finished in forty and forty-five minutes. Upon making a calculation on this basis, it was found the Old Testament could be read in about thirty-seven hours, the New Testament in ten hours, or the whole Bible in less than fifty hours. The Psalms would require three hours and twenty minutes, and Genesis, the next longest, would take two hours and twenty minutes. Lawyers, statesmen, physicians, and tradesmen will find many things relating to themselves and their respective spheres of duty upon an intelligent perusal of the Bible.

It has been regarded an important question whether there are any pagan people totally ignorant of a Supreme Being. The Rev. John Linggier, a specialist in this line of investigation, believes there are some such, though tourists in Africa, Australia, and Japan speak of tribes of people having no idea of God, whatever. It seems that some African tribes have produced this impression because of their profound reverence for God. Dr. Livingstone found this to be true of two tribes when they had overcome their reluctance to speak on sacred subjects. They call God "The Giver," and really pray to Him often than most other Africans do.

Dr. Ellis says, in reference to tribes in Madagascar, reported as having no idea of God, were all ways led to the idea of God and call him "The Prince of Heaven."

Dr. Wilson, one of the most reliable authorities, says the idea of one Supreme Being, the Creator and Provider of all things is universal among all the races of Western Africa. Abraham calls Him "The Great Father," the Famine pray to Him as "The Great Father."

Another eminent authority says the Indians and some other tribes speak of God as "The Most Ancient One," the native word being almost an exact equivalent of the Bible term for "The Ancient of Days."

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A Story of Waterloo.

This fall, a new drama by Dr. Conan Doyle (who is now lecturing in America) was produced at the Prince's Theater, Bristol, with Mr. Henry Irving in the principal role—Old Corporal Brewster.

The *Pall Mall Budget* has this description of the Old Corporal as portrayed by Mr. Irving:

"Old Corporal Brewster falls to babbling of a bull-pup which belonged to 'Jarge' some seventy years ago, and suspects it is dead. His mind sinks into forgetfulness, and flashes into memory from moment to moment. He is astonished—a hero of Waterloo—at the bravery of his voice in traveling by train. He is helped to the window, but the man who had fought the French cannot 'fight ag'in the flies.' He talks with the person, who reads the bible to him; but he prefers Joshua to the New Testament, and—here is not nature—looks forward, not to a Heaven of peace, but to the great final fight of Armageddon, at which he doubts not the 3d Guards will be present, and the 'Duke will have something to say.' Then he drops his pipe, breaks it and cries helplessly, till the Sergeant gives him a new one and he is comforted."

"The entrance of the Colonel of his old regiment wakes up the old man, and with a spasm of memory he draws a plan of the great battle with his bottle of paregoric, his pill-box, and his new pipe. And then, sinking back to lethargy, he only remembers that he lent a comrade three half-crowns before the battle and that the comrade didn't pay them back before he was killed. Miss Annie Hughes had just consented to walk out with the Sergeant, when the veteran, who seemed asleep, rose suddenly erect, and with a shout of triumph fell dead in his chair."

There is, probably, no other actor but Mr. Irving who could portray so well, and so painfully the psychology of decrepitude."

The Transit of Mercury.

An interesting astronomical event will take place on the 10th of November next. We allude to the transit of the planet Mercury across the sun. The phenomenon will be visible in North America, South America, Europe, and other quarters. It may be seen to advantage with the telescope.

A simple method whereby a number of persons may simultaneously observe the transit is to throw an enlarged image of the sun upon a sheet of white paper. This may be effected easily by using the telescope as a magic lantern.

A stick is tied to the end of the telescope; at the lower end of the stick is secured a block of wood in which a saw cut is made to receive the paper—stiff cardboard is the best. The paper sheet receives upon its surface the enlarged image of the sun, across which the shadow of the planet, in the form of a sound black dot, will be seen to travel, at the rate of about one hundred thousand miles per hour. We advise our readers, especially the young people, to get out their telescopes and observe this most interesting phenomenon.

The coming transit will be visible from about 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. it will take the planet about 4½ hours to move across the sun's disk.

The path of the transit is a little above the sun's center. The diameter of the sun's disk is estimated at 860,000 miles.

Of the family of planets visible to the naked eye, Mercury is the smallest and the nearest to the sun. His diameter is in round numbers, 3,000 miles, and his distance from the sun thirty-five million seven hundred and fifty thousand miles (35,750,000). His mass is 1/18,000,000 of the mass of the sun. The planet escapes the observation of the majority of people. He is usually to be seen only in the morning, within a short time of sunrise, or in the evening, a short time before sunset. There is a lack of knowledge con-

cerning the revolutions of Mercury; Schiaparelli concluded that Mercury revolves on his axis in the same time that he makes a revolution in his orbit; if so, he keeps the same side turned toward the sun; one side of the planet being always illuminated and intensely heated, the other side, more especially its central zone, being in constant darkness.

Whether Mercury carries an atmosphere is as yet not certainly determined. Some observers have, as they believe, seen evidences of atmosphere. It is quite probably the question will be definitely settled by observations made with great telescopes during the transit.

The celebrated astronomer Leverrier made calculations in 1859 which accounted for certain anomalies in the movements of Mercury on the basis of the existence of another planet of about the same size as Mercury, and from it not far distant. Many searches have been made since Leverrier's announcement for this as yet unseen body, but so far without actual success, although some observers have claimed positively to have seen it. —Scientific American.

The Fakir of the Monkey Temple.

A correspondent of the *Kolnische Zeitung* tells the following strange story, which if true, may help us to believe that Rudyard Kipling's strange tales of India are not altogether creations of the imagination. The writer says:

"Every visitor to Simla (India) knows the Jakko Hill—about 1,500 feet high—in the immediate neighborhood, and the monkey temple on the top of it. There lives an ascetic, fanatical fakir who supports himself and the monkeys on the offerings of the faithful, and who is treated by those creatures with the most profound respect. There are two troops or regiments of monkeys, each with its king, who is appointed to that position by the fakir. The king, alone, has the right to eat in the temple; the other monkeys remain outside, and the fakir himself brings a dish of tit-bits for their *Kohal* or general. When they have done, they file respectfully before the fakir, who dismisses them with 'Go, my children.' This fakir, who is bronzed by wind and weather, clothed only in a leopard-skin, and whose hair has not been cut or combed in twenty years, is a European. He is able to converse in perfect English, and his name is Charles William de Rousselle. His father was a shopkeeper in Simla, and sent him as a boy to the best school there. But an ex-servant of the father had been very intimate with the fakir of Jakko, and on the latter's death had succeeded to his position. The young Rousselle used to visit him frequently, and the man showed great regard for the son of his old employer. Threatened with some punishment at school, the boy took refuge with his friend the fakir at the temple, but was found there some days later and brought home. He seemed to have lost all interest in life, was always waiting to return to the temple, and one day he suddenly disappeared. The next twelve years he spent in his hermitage, wandering about India, and 'clothed' only with his hair. After the twelve years, he reappeared in Simla as the disciple of the fakir, and on the latter's death succeeded him. The older Rousselle had meanwhile died leaving a good fortune, but the son made no effort to secure it. He says he is perfectly happy, and has no desire to reënter the 'falsely and corrupt European society.' He has a peculiar sympathy to the *Anglo-Indian* story, and possesses an extraordinary power over all classes of Hindus, who regard him as a saint. He is the only convert of a fakir brought up to a Christian, and of European parents who, though born in a missionary's house, made a voluntary life, devoted of all worldly enjoyments, and put in all appearance absolutely happy and contented."

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Nov. 9, 1894

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within more in a new guise. It did not miss many weeks.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

Our contemporary the *Buckhannon Banner*, so recently burned out, is in operation more in a new guise. It did not miss many weeks.

The Democrats made a gain of about thirty at the Republican precinct of Lobelia. This was the most pronounced Republican stronghold in the county.

ONE man said he counted forty-two Republicans and eight Democrats around the polls at one time, on election day, and thought we were all defeated.

THE campaign just ended was one carried on in decency and order, and thoroughly too as far as this county was concerned. Not a cent of money was sent into the county for political purposes, on our side.

It has never been printed, what report Col. Andrews made after he visited Pocahontas last summer, seeking the nomination by the Republicans for State Senator. On being asked how much Democratic majority the county would give, said that it would give as much majority as there were Democratic votes. But those Republicans came up fresh and we just saved a decent majority.

REPUBLICAN hoodlums was let loose in Wm. L. Wilson's district, as is shown by the letter printed below. It is humiliating to know that such means are resorted to in a country district in West Virginia. We are prone to believe that anything that ever happened in Sod-on and Gomorrah, might take place in our cities, but supposed that we country people had only moderate voices. This letter is printed here to show, also, how hard the fight really waged in the 2d District.

THE UNITED STATES LEATHER CO.
T. G. POWNALL, GEN'L. SUPT.,
P. O. Box 474,
CUMBERLAND, Md., Nov. 2,
2 p. m. 1894.

L. M. LaFollette, T. E. Davis et al

GENTLEMEN:—Am just back from a trip in Hamp. and Hardy. The old Nick is loose in Hamp., but we are not yielding. You may notice your majority in Hamp. and make it 1,500 instead of 1,200. Hope to put it at 1,150 before Saturday night. Grand services is being done by my men. Our money is all gone and more. It has done good service, and we must have more. I am sorry to ask it, but we can make it count and will do so on election day. I am going to do some hard work this day. Send me here the money, just what you can. It means victory, if we have enough. [Signed]
T. G. POWNALL.

A personal friend gave us \$60 this week and will give \$20 more. This money given and promised is at work and still we need more. Don't fail. [Signed]
POWELL.

LATER—Such a fight was never waged anywhere on earth as now in Hampshire county. Three hundred Democrats are riding, begging, and actually shaking hands like mad men, trying to get their people off line. They won't lose up. They won't do it. I'm sure, and won't rest, and I'm sure, and I'll go down yet before it is over. We'll give all night but night among the boys and women some of them at 2 a. m. this morning and put them out on streets of "love and money." That's why we are doing it, and we will do it so. Dayton will win. [Signed]
POWELL.

THE COUNTY VOTE.

Those not living at the altitude of Pocahontas, do not realize what a terrible day the 8th day of November was. Those men who lived ten or twelve miles from the polls, had a fearful ride, or walk, as the case might be, and many a Democrat, who otherwise would have voted, did not dare venture from his premises on that day. Especially is this true of the Back Alleghany part of the Green Bank precinct. There are, perhaps, seventy voters in that neighborhood, who have to cross the rugged valley of the Greenbrier to reach the polling place. The Republican vote turned out in full as usual, for it is well known that a Republican in Pocahontas never misses a chance to vote.

The majority of this county in 1892 was 413 in favor of the Democrats. The majority of 286 for Alderson, seems, at first sight, to be a great falling off, yet as compared to the vote of the last "off year," it is a decided gain, for in 1890 Alderson had a majority of 265.

Logan's majority is the result of the ordinary party feeling.

The contest between Moomau and Moore was affected greatly by the intense sectional feeling which various matters have stirred in this county. In the three lower districts Moore led by a small majority, but Green Bank, with its magnificent Democratic strength, returned Moomau as our next delegate.

Barlow was elected Superintendent of Free Schools because he was a nominee of our party, and we claim that that fact alone is an assurance that he is the right man for the place.

The independent candidates for County Commissioner, Beard and Hogsett, were run on the courthouse question entirely. The friends of Marlinton, of all parties, supported Beard because they entirely approved of his course in the court-house affairs. Those who voted for Hogsett, did so more in disapproval of Beard, than for their love for Hogsett.

The vote on the relocation of the county-seat amounted to nothing. The people of Green Bank have acted most sensibly in this matter. The idea they have always had is that if they could stop the expenditure of money, here, and build the court-house nearer them, they would do so. Finding that the county had been bound for the enormous sum necessary to build such a court-house as is being erected in Marlinton, they decided it was decidedly too much money to be wasted, and did not vote for relocation. The Huntersville district gave a good vote for the old county-seat, but no one there expected the result to be other than what it is.

The big campaign of '94 is over and so let's all get ready for winter.

Hymenaeal.

The marriage of Adam Post, of this place, to Miss Hester, daughter of Uriah Hester, of Pocahontas county, will take place on Thursday, November 12th, at the home of the bride's parents. Quite a large party of young society people will attend.—*Buckhannon Banner*.

AT Academy, on Wednesday morning, by Rev. Hamill, Mr. C. Keshner and Miss Belle Eckridge, oldest daughter of Dr. Eckridge.

AT Drifwood, by Rev. E. F. Alexander, Mr. Robert Brown, of Green Bank, and Miss Claudia Denson, oldest daughter of A. E. Denson, of Drifwood.

AT a recent Anglican Ministry Conference in Lenox, Conn. James said that if things went on as they are doing the subscription of India would be due not by Britain, but to America.

Facts About the Thornwell Orphanage.

It began operation twenty years ago with a half dollar in the treasury. It is now supporting over one hundred and thirty orphans, annually, at a cost of one thousand dollars a month.

The orphans are from the Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, and six other denominations; from every Southern State, and some Northern; from every profession and station in society.

They are educated religiously and intellectually by the Institution; and in addition every boy and girl is qualified by learning some trade, to support themselves.

Their support comes from the voluntary gifts of God's people. Frothing and clothing, and money,—all such gifts make up the sum annually needed.

Yes, help is needed now. On the 1st day of November, there was not one dollar in the treasury, and none expected save from the hand of the Almighty Father.

The Orphanage is located at Clinton, South Carolina. The town has three railroads to carry in gifts of provisions. Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs, is its head, to whom gifts of money may be sent.

This is the month for the thank offerings. Next month is for Christmas offerings; and the next for New Year's offerings. Which shall it be?—Published by request.

Green Bank.

Hons. J. A. Preston and W. A. Bratton were at this place and made good speeches, especially Mr. Preston, who made a masterly speech to a large crowd of enthusiastic and wide awake Democrats.

Rev. W. T. Price, of Marlinton, preached at Liberty church, for Mr. Alexander, last Sunday and Sunday and Monday nights.

Attorney Andrew Price, of the TIMES, was in our village last Saturday.

Professor D. L. Barlow, County Superintendent of Schools, was in our vicinity last week.

There is some snow to day.

Mr. Taylor of Clappe and family of Gilmer county, West Virginia, are visiting Mr. Gillespie's father, Mr. J. A. Gillespie, at this place.

Drs. Little, Austin, and Moomau performed a dangerous operation upon Mrs. Mary A. Woodell, by removing an eye which has been hurting her, at times, for several years. She is doing well at this time.

One case of diphtheria at Mr. George Beverage's Dr. Little in attendance.

We have experienced fine weather for some time, and the heat is coming in, with some fall pasture.

Oh yes, keep your eye on the gobler, more weddings soon.

More after the lecture.

OLD HICKORY.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed to N. C. McNeil trustee by Miranda Hurd dated on the 25th, day of Sept. 1894 to secure the payment of a certain debt for store goods due from the said Miranda Hurd to F. Golden which said debt is fully mentioned and described in said deed of trust and default having been made in the payment of said debt and in complying with the terms of said deed and being required so to do by the said F. Golden I, N. C. McNeil will on the 18th day of November, 1894 commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. on the premises proceed to sell by way of public auction to the highest bidder, for cash the property conveyed by said deed of trust but I interest in a certain 17 acre field of corn, situated upon the land of Nancy R. Moore in said county or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said indebtedness.

N. C. McNeil, Trustee.

Notice.
On account of sickness in my family, I am compelled to retire from business here. I will dispose of my entire stock of goods at first cost and carriage. All parties indebted to me are requested to call at once and settle their accounts, by note or otherwise. All accounts remaining unpaid by December 1st 1894, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

Thanking my patrons for past favors, I remain very respectfully,
GREEN BANK, W. VA. JACOB BROWER

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

NEW, W. VA.
All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and finish.
Selling only the best goods at low prices.
GIVE ME A TRIAL.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly said one of its good effects upon their children."

Dr. J. C. Weston, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope this day fifty years distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchener, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as a superior baby medicine known to me."

H. A. Atwood, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical people what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

ENTER HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, London, Eng.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Contour Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

Special Notice.

All persons having any claims against the Manly Manufacturing Company or any sub-contractor for materials furnished or labor performed for building of Court House and Jail at Marlinton, are hereby notified to file itemized accounts of same, and name of debtor, with S. L. Brown, Clerk, on or before November 25th, 1894, and to meet Court of County Commissioners on November 26th, 1894, for the purpose of properly substantiating same for settlement.

MANLY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, by ROBERT P. MANLY, President.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all not to trespass on my lands by hunting passing through, leaving fences down, or in any other way, and that I will prosecute to the fullest extent of the law anyone disregarding this notice.

RICHARD CALLISON, Locust, W. Va.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by Jane Simmons to Levi Gay, trustee, dated on the 10th day of October, 1893, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 28, page 441, to secure the payment of a certain bond mentioned and fully described therein, payable to J. W. Gilmore, and default having been made in the payment thereof, and being required so to do by Regina R. Barlow, assignee of said bond, I, Levi Gay, will on the 2nd day of April, 1895, commencing at 11 a. m., at the front door of the court-house of said Pocahontas county, West Virginia, proceed to sell, by way of public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the property conveyed by said deed of trust, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said indebtedness. Said real estate lying and being in the county of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia, on the waters of Laurel Creek, in Saday District, in said county, comprised of two certain tracts one of sixty acres, more or less, being the homestead land on which said Jane Simmons resided, and another tract of forty acres, more or less, separate from said tract of sixty acres, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Hunter and David McClure, more fully described in a certain deed from the State of Virginia to Samuel W. Moore and Levi McCarty, dated on the 20th day of November, 1897, said deed or deed referred to, 1898.

Said tracts of land comprise the farming lands of said Jane Simmons, a great part is improved, with house and outbuildings, making a very desirable farm. On the forty-acre tract is a heavy body of year pine and other timber.

LEVI GAY, Trustee.

ANDREW PRICE, Attorney, Marlinton, W. Va., October 2, 1894.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Cour House.

Terms.
per day . . . 1.00
per meal . . . 25
lodging . . . 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

G. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

The . . . Amateur Camerist Begins Well

The Focusing Knob.

It is growing so common to observe one that will be obliged to learn the proper use of the camera. The camera is a very simple instrument, and its use is a matter of course. The camera is a very simple instrument, and its use is a matter of course. The camera is a very simple instrument, and its use is a matter of course.

SAVING IDEAS CO.

THE FOCUSING KNOB.

HOME NEWS

Delaney, a man living on William's River, killed at least two. Then began a reign of plenty.

Mr. J. H. G. Wilson's favorite horse, "Toby," so well known to almost everyone, died on Wednesday morning of lung fever.

Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, had the misfortune to lose three good hounds, by some miserable wretch shooting them in the woods.

Mr. Renick Carr who has been living on the G. H. McLaughlin place near Dunmore, will soon move to his farm near Glade Hill, on which he is at present erecting a comfortable dwelling place.

Charles Lee and Barton Douglas, two negroes, were lodged in jail last Saturday, charged with rape, by Hannah Burgess. The accusation is such that it did not create much excitement. All parties are from the Levels District.

Mr. F. M. Durbin was stricken down with apoplexy, in Parkersburg, last week, and for awhile his life was despaired of. The latest news is that he is better, and on a fair way to complete recovery.

LATER: word comes of Mr. F. M. Durbin's death on Saturday. Thus passeth a noble minded, Christian gentleman to his reward.

A peculiar process of law has taken in Staunton, the other day in a divorce suit. The father had taken the child of the marriage and had run away with him. The mother had a receiver appointed to hold the child until the court decided who should have it. A case similar to this proceeding, is reported in the Old Testament, 1 Sol. 3:5.

The splash dam on William's River is a pretty big affair. When the gates are opened the water rushes out like a cataract, and the roar may be heard a great distance. It takes hours to empty, and causes a four foot flood fifteen miles below the dam. We will hear of somebody being drowned by a "splash" some day.

Mr. E. F. McLaughlin, of Dunmore, recently sold a bunch of vethers, some of which weighed 150 pounds. As an example of what may be done in sheep raising take the following account of his past season's handling sheep: On April 1st, he bought 91 sheep for \$226. He has sold from his flock \$206 worth and has 73 sheep on hand.

Frank Thomson has introduced a herd of about ten Angora goats, an animal not usually seen in these woods. They are white and have long hair. When they have to be driven across a small stream, the best plan is to lay a rail across, and they take a dry passage over. They were driven through Marlinton at night, and were detected by their peculiar odour, which is not at all nice.

A gentleman who is familiar with both places says that the fortifications around Traveler's-Rapport thrown up during the war are so extensive, and big as those around Petersburg, Va.

The Confederates were camped there and the Yankee camp was at Chest Bridge about ten miles away to the west of them.

The Confederates left this camp and moved to the top of the Alleghany, one night and by daylight every building was burned by the Yankees.

A battle was fought on the top of the Alleghany, and the Confederate troops wintered there.

Wanted—A Deer.

Last Monday morning, word came from the lips of a very diminutive body that a big six-point buck was lying in a patch of woods on the point of the ridge near Mr. Aaron Moore's house. About five or six men went there immediately and just as they arrived at the covert where the deer was hiding, it was jumped by a pack of hounds, which made noise, and brought the deer right by Pat Stinson. It looked like murder to Pat, but he pulled away at it for a half a dozen shots, and the echoes of his old 44 ring around those hills for some days. The deer passed on and came in view of the writer, who is the photographer who runs this paper. This gentleman had gone up the wrong ridge, but had

ing across the valley saw the deer hanging the opposite hillside. He shut his eyes and started the ball from his Winchester, which was neatly dodged by the deer. This was repeated five times. The deer passed on. Not to be partial, it went out of its way, to give Mr. Hubbard a chance, but he has reserved his fire until the present moment. Next it came by Paris Yeager who sent three shots in "that direction." It was evident that the deer bore a charmed life. It had only one more call to make, and presented itself to Mr. Ricketts, an English gentleman, and stopped to take a drink. Mr. Ricketts took two shots at it—and the last seen of the deer was on the point of the ridge near Levi Gay's going like all Marlinton was after it.

This famous buck has been in the woods around this place for eight years. It has been often seen and is known by its deliberate movements, its immense size, and its fine horns.

Personal.

Samuel Scott, Esq., recently of Huntersville, has been admitted to the bar, and has located in Marlinton for the practice of his profession.

S. W. Holt and P. Goldin, two of our merchants, are in Baltimore this week to buy their winter goods.

G. D. Oliver & Bro., is the style of the new firm at Green Bank, which will take the business of the firm recently burned out there. They are stocking the store-house recently occupied by Jacob Bower, Fred. Wallace, of Mill Point, at school at the University of Virginia, and Ed. Yeager, of Marlinton, in the employ of the Census Bureau at Washington, came home to vote.

Miss Eliza Kee, who has a desk in the Land Office in Washington, is visiting her old home at Marlinton.

The week before the election, Mr. John A. Preston, of Lewisburg, and Mr. W. A. Bratton, of Marlinton, canvassed the county in the interests of the Democratic party. They were met everywhere with the exception of the town of Huntersville, with large and enthusiastic crowds of people, and they did a world of good. Mr. Preston is the coming statesman of West Virginia; to quote the words of Mr. Uriah Hever, "he's a William L. Wilson; it's the best speech ever I heard, a't it?" Mr. Bratton made a most excellent speech, full of clear reasoning, and thoroughly in earnest. It is his first campaign, and one feels sure that he will soon be recognized everywhere as a power in the political field.

Election Day.

Last Tuesday was a bad day for an election, the snow falling and melting as it fell, and a crowd of voters stood on the sixty-foot dead line around the polls, early in the morning waiting for a chance to vote; about nine o'clock Mr. Levi Gay, came to the door and announced, "Oyez! the polls are now open" and "the animals went in three by three" and voted.

The gravest apprehension has been felt for a long time that this precinct was destined to go Republican. This was materialized when the Swago contingent began to fill in. The voters were coming and going all day and at no time was there a crowd in the town.

One or two took some drinks and got up a little false excitement, but they soon went to sleep in some convenient hay-mow, after the style of "Old Ironsides."

The whole day was as quiet and ordinary as any other day in Marlinton.

The result showed four votes in favor of the Republicans, but there were nine Democratic votes that were lost by none of the ballots being cancelled. The whole vote was 143.

Last Monday, as Luck Kee was driving by the lively stable, his horse became unmanageable, and began to kick. His sister, Miss Eliza, and Ed. Yeager, who were driving with him, jumped out of the wagon, but he stuck in and tried to manage the horse. The wagon was presently upset and he received serious injury about the head, being unconscious for some time. He is now recovering. The wagon was smashed into bits.

THROUGH THE COOP Gone Republican

The World, the Fullness thereof.

A Republican Legislature and all four Congressmen Lost.

Logan Probably Elected, as one of Three Senators.

Hill Defeated by 100,000 Maj.

Alderson Defeated by 2500.

Chickens for Sale at this Office.

We are beaten. Our big head is reduced, and we have received the punishment that we deserve for our carelessness. "We would not lim up," and the future looks black. The old Democratic Ship has been wrecked under the pilotage of Grover Cleveland, and he alone remains to view the ruin he has wrought.

Mr. Alderson is defeated past a doubt with Kanawha's majority of 2900 and Fayette's 1000.

Plenty of bad news, and more to come.

Balfour elected, the Bear dead, and China gone Republican.

Mr. Widpy Wilson loses his season's work, and finds "a power that keeps him from going to the United States Senate."

"Well 'tis well that I should bluster!" "Comfort! comfort scorned of devils!" "Oh the dreary, dreary moreland, Oh the barren, barren shore!" "But 'tis truth the poet sings, that a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

But we deserve the lesson we have received, and the future remains to prove whether the action of the present Congress is justifiable. We will be drawn closer together by the reverse we have met, and nothing remains but for us to press on to the things that are before, and do what is needful to wipe out in 1890 the disgraceful rout of 1894.

The Deer.

There are a lot of deer in the Green Bank country, this fall. It is supposed that the work on the Gandy Creek railroad has driven them into Pocahontas. Five were killed in one by a party of hunters in the "Upper Tract."

Four deer were seen in a large pasture, near Green Bank, last Friday. They were racing along in Indian file, and trotted around in every direction. On being frightened by the spectators, they waved their handkerchiefs and took to the mountain fastnesses.

Deer are killed daily in that section.

They do say that Poley Arbogast murdered one the other day. Two posts were set in the ground near together at the bottom and diverging at the top. A deer in running tried to jump through this opening, and falling became wedged between the posts, so that it could not move. Mr. Arbogast, who is a crippled man, saw it and taking a gun deliberately blew its brains out.

Jail Delivery.

Andrew Kellison, the boy who was lying in jail on the charge of burglary—having made a confession of robbing Overholt's store at Backeye—escaped from the Huntersville jail last Monday evening at supper time.

Jailer Doyle had taken his supper to him, and had opened the door to take it into the cell, when Kellison ran by him, and by another man, who struck at the escaping prisoner with a stick of stove wood. The outer door being open Kellison escaped to the open air and has not been heard from since.

That old jail is a nuisance. Its arrangement is such that it is impossible for the jailer to tend the prisoners, without giving them a chance to knock him on the head or run by him as was done in this case. Though that building is quite new, it is built on a very antiquated style, and the jail at Marlinton will be greatly appreciated.

Official Vote of Pocahontas County.

	Huntersville.	Front.	Minuton.	Edgar.	Split Rock.	Mill Point.	Antietam.	Lebanon.	Green Bank.	Dunmore.	Trav. Repose.	Total.
Alderson.	69	32	65	65	54	89	107	30	167	44	49	779
Haling.	66	48	69	98	31	30	44	58	21	51	13	493
Logan.	69	32	65	65	54	89	110	36	168	44	49	782
Davis.	66	48	69	98	31	35	44	58	21	15	13	499
Mooman.	69	31	54	34	46	90	113	34	150	43	50	711
Moore.	68	48	72	118	37	50	47	50	25	15	12	844
Beard.	31		4120	143	70	99	147	70	11	11	3	707
Hogsett.	111		68	7	3	0	28	3	1	102	43	485
Barlow.	63		32	97	32	58	112	34	155	43	49	700
Grimes.	69		45	74	60	32	71	47	57	21	15	491
For Relocation at H. 96			37	6	2	8	4	0	28	15	7	205
Against	11		7129	134	78	113	147	54	19	17	8	730

District officers were elected as follows: EDWAY—A. C. L. Gatewood, Justice; George McCollum, Constable; Jacob Moore and George Gibson, Commissioners of Board of Education. LEVELL: Clark Woodruff and J. B. Hill, Constables; Commissioners of Board of Education, Isaac McNeil and M. L. Beard. GREEN BANK: Commissioners of Board of Education, S. B. Hannah and C. A. Lightner; Justices, Wm. L. Brown and Robert Saxon. HUNTERSVILLE: Commissioners of Board of Education, J. B. Doyle and W. J. Moore.

Clover Lick.

There have been some fine deer and turkeys killed here this fall.

Some one was mean enough to kill mine and wound another of Mrs. Hanna Geiger's turkeys.

Mr. William Sharp has gone to Pickens on business.

Mr. U. H. Hever is having a house built on the foundation of the house that was burned.

The schools at this place are flourishing.

The roads at this place are in a bad condition. Why should not all over-seers work their hands alike? Some hands have worked one day some two and three days, and some have worked never a day.

Sam Gay's sawmill is whistling in our neighborhood again.

There was a corn husking at Godfrey Geiger's, the other day, and a party afterwards. Some of the boys got quite merry before morning on account of their sweethearts.

Miss Rosie McCulpin has gone to her father's in Webster county.

Come back, come back, he cries aloud, Across this stormy mountain, And I'll take back what I have said, My darling, o my darling!

Closed Up.

Our correspondent from Alderson writes us that the editor of The Mon, a Populist paper recently started at Alderson, left last week without getting out a paper, and that the office has been locked up by the Mayor for the editor's board bill. We think it must be evident to all that there is no demand for a Populist paper in the Greenbrier Valley, just now, and we doubt if there ever will be—Greenbrier Independent.

W. P. Hutchison, the founder of the paper, left the employ of this paper, and various creditors in Marlinton, in an equally surreptitious manner. A certain leader among the Populists of Pocahontas, recently sent The Mon a club list of twenty names from this county, and a letter saying that the paper was like a ray of light amid the darkness of these wilds. It is to be hoped that that same man will not feel the loss of his money to a very great extent, when those subscribers collect from him the amount he had them subscribe.

Keys Missing.

Foul play was suspected in Beverly, when just before the election it was found that the keys of the ballot boxes were missing. There was barely time to secure new pickets at six o'clock, before the election. Here the law been discovered a little later the grand Democratic majority of Randolph county must have been lost.

Fever in Randolph.

Most alarming reports have come of the scourge of fever in Randolph county, occurring at Huntersville. Mrs. Norval Howell is a patient there, died last week. Mr. Geo. D. Taylor, lately of this county, has it, and since some dangerous cases are reported. Adverse reports have been reported worse this week, and Mr. S. I. Blair and wife were gone to Kings to be with him.

An official declaration in the Reichs Anzeiger, Berlin, has conclusively proved to the world that large that Dowe's "bullet proof" armor consisted of a steel plate enclosed in a pad, the pad alone being easily pierced by missiles at almost any distance. On account of its cumbersome, such an appliance would not be of any practical use to modern troops, who would become an easy prey to artillery fire if robbed of their mobility. But, although the Mannheim tailor has failed to convince military authorities of the usefulness of his invention, he has certainly given a new impetus to the struggle between armor and projectile. The latest attempt to render a bullet-resistant plate available for service in the field is a return to the earliest form of defense, the shield. The St. James's Gazette, London, says: "Captain Royston has patented a bullet-proof shield and coat, which has already been tested in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge. The shield weighs at present about eight pounds, but it could be made much lighter. It has been constructed with a view to protecting its bearer's head and chest, and can be fixed to the ground so as to form a perfect cover and a rest for the rifle, rendering it unnecessary and the aim very rare. The trials were, in the words of the Duke of Cambridge, very satisfactory. The Duke indicated the spot at which a bullet fired at thirty yards should hit the shield, and several shots were fired within the compass of a penny, the result being eight direct hits. The inventor was warmly congratulated. His plate is certainly bullet-proof, and has the advantage that it does not continually impose an additional weight upon the soldier, the main objection to armor worn on the body."

The New Survey.

A corps of engineers are surveying a route for a railroad from Beverly or Elkies to the Greenbrier River. They are accompanied by Mr. B. M. Yeager, who knows all those mountains from "every track."

The greatest difficulty is found in getting down off of Cheat Mountain on to the west prong of the river. The grade, however, is practicable, and there are great hopes that the road will be built in the near future.

"Honest wild tales, wherever found, The dying songs, the waiting light, The railroad's coming in the night, Ring out wild tales said on the night."

Some spread-eagle orator said in a speech the other day that the Republican party was like the phoenix rising from its ashes. He is mistaken! It is a hard-fought, long-suffering, and weary party, but it is not a phoenix rising from the ashes of a party which has long since been extinguished. It is a party which has been reborn, and it is a party which is now rising from the ashes of a party which has long since been extinguished.

Capt. Marshall, a officer of 20 years, is a general for nearly every city of war will not be surprised by a single warlike turn in this country. Wood is in the air, under the new world law, and every word grows will realize at least \$100,000 a year. Page's Fading News.

THE UMBRELLA

West Side, End of
County Bridge.
Here and Chapin Goods for
the last one of



MARLINTON.
W. VA.

Which will best protect your interests on a "Rainy Day,"
Is to make a Dollar go a long and the right way.

Your income will look larger than ever when compared with the

BIG VALUES I offer in DRY GOODS.

Calico, 5 cents a yard. . . . Ladies Shoes, LaBelle-Helena, \$2.25 for \$1.75
Misses Shoes, our Fashion Dine, \$1.75 for \$1.25.

Have you ever thought how fast money accumulated when you can buy

A \$15.00 SUIT FOR \$10.85?

A \$3.00 pair of pants for \$2.25.

Thirty-three and one third doll' on each \$50 you spend, in five years will
will make the sum total, \$33.33.

This is a Good Umbrella.

Yours, for Trade,

P. GOLDEN.

S. W. HOLT
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Always carries a first-class line of

Dry Goods, Groceries

Queensware, Hardware, etc.,

Customers wishing to buy anything usually found in a well stocked
store can rely on being accommodated at my place of business. We
give fair warning that the buyer who wishes to save money will do
do well to look through our stock of Goods. Good country produce
taken in exchange for goods.

Our Terms are CASH or to responsible parties thirty
days. All outstanding debts
must be settled at once.

The Keeley Cure.

DRUNKENNESS
OPIMUM
CHLORAL
COCAINE
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
TOBACCO AND CIGARETTE HABITS.

The Keeley Institute at Charleston, West Virginia, gives the **GENUINE KEELEY**
REMEDIES—and they are administered by physicians who are not only skill
ful in their professions—but who have had a thorough course of instructions at
the parent Institute at Dwight.

For full information, regarding Sanitarium treatment and "Home Treatment,"
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THE KEELEY INSTITUTE,
Charleston, W. Va., or Wheeling, W. Va.

JUDGE W. H. DODGE, President. C. A. BARNER, Vice-President and Treas.
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Keeley Institutes in the State.



IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF FOR HOT FLAME
**LIGHTNING
HOT DROPS.**

CURES Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Stomach Aches, Diarrhea, Cholera, etc.

MEALS Tea, Coffee, Biscuits, etc.

Breaks Up Croup, Whooping Cough, Stomach Aches, Diarrhea, etc.

Small's Balm, TARTAR SODA.

Small's Balm, TARTAR SODA.

Small's Balm, TARTAR SODA.

Small's Balm, TARTAR SODA.

Small's Balm, TARTAR SODA.

Small's Balm, TARTAR SODA.

Historical Collections.

From the following authentic
extract from an early history of
Virginia, it would seem that the
first settlement of Greenbrier county
was made at the place where
Marlinton is situated, this part of
Pocahontas being formerly in
Greenbrier.

Since then Greenbrier as it now
is has advanced by improvements,
until the people of that county
consider this place the wild-woods
of this part.

About the year 1749, a person,
who was a citizen of the county of
Frederick, and subject to paroxysms
of mania, usually made excursions
into the wilderness, and in his
rambles westward, fell in on the
waters of Greenbrier River. At
that time, the country on the west-
ern waters was but little known to
the English inhabitants of the then
colonies of America, being claimed
by the French, who had commenced
settlements on the Ohio and its wa-
ters, west of the Alleghany moun-
tains. The lunatic being surprised
to find water running a different
course from any he had before
known, returned with the intelli-
gence of his discovery, which did
abound with game. This soon ex-
cited the enterprise of others. Two
men from New England, of the
name of Jacob Marlin and Stephen
Sewell, took up a residence upon
Greenbrier River; but soon dis-
agreeing in sentiment, a quarrel oc-
casioned their separation, and Sew-
ell, for the sake of peace, quit their
cabin, and made his abode in a
large hollow tree. In this situation
they were found by the late Gen-
eral Andrew Lewis, in the year
1751. Mr. Lewis was appointed
agent for a company of grantees,
who obtained from the governor
and council of Virginia, an order
for one hundred thousand acres of
land lying on the waters of Green-
brier River; and did, this year, pro-
ceed to make surveys to complete
the quantity of said granted lands;
and finding Marlin and Sewell liv-
ing in the neighborhood of each
other, inquired what would induce
them to live separate in a wilder-
ness so distant from the habitations
of any other human beings. They
informed him that difference of
opinion had occasioned their separa-
tion, and that they had since
enjoyed more tranquillity and a
better understanding; for Sewell
said, that each morning when they
arose and Marlin came out of the
great house and he from his hollow
tree, they saluted each other, say-
ing, Good-morning. Mr. Marlin,
and Good-morning Mr. Sewell, so
that a good understanding then ex-
isted between them; but it did not
last long, for Sewell removed about
forty miles further west, to a creek
that still bears his name. There
the Indians found him and killed
him.

Previous to the year 1755, Mr.
Lewis had completed for the grantees,
under the order of council,
upwards of fifty thousand acres;
—and the war then commencing
between England and France, nothing
further was done in the business
until the year 1761, when his
majesty issued his proclamation
commanding all his subjects within
the bounds of the colony of Vir-
ginia, who were living, or who had
made settlements on the western
waters, to remove from them, as
the lands were claimed by the In-
dians, and good policy required
that a peaceable understanding
should be preserved with them, to
prevent hostilities on their part.
The order of council was never af-
terwards carried into effect, or his
majesty's consent obtained to com-
firm it.

At the commencement of the
Revolution, when the state of Vir-
ginia began to assume independ-
ence, and held a convention in 1776,
some efforts were made to have the
order of council established under
the new order of things then be-
ginning to take place. But it was
not confirmed, and commissions
were applied, in 1777, to grant com-
missions to each individual who had
made settlements on the western
waters, in the state of Virginia,
previous to the year 1776 and since,
with permission according to the
time of improvement, which com-
missions gave the holder's right to

four hundred acres for his settle-
ment claim, and the pre-emption
of one thousand more, if so much
were found clear of prior claims,
and the holder chose to accept it.
The following year 1778, Greenbrier
was separated from Botetourt
county, and the county took its
name from the river, which was so
named by old Colonel John Lewis,
father to the late General, and one
of the grantees under the order of
council who, in company with his
son Andrew, exploring the country
in 1751, entangled himself in a
bunch of green briars on the river,
and declared he would ever after
call the river Greenbrier River.

The celebrated humorist "Bill
Arp" tells a pleasant incident that
happened at a recent fair in Cor-
inth, Georgia.

A middle-aged gentleman intro-
duced himself, saying, "Major, as
you do not remember me, let me
refresh your memory. Many years
since when you were a member of
the School Board in Rome, I ap-
plied for a teacher's certificate.
You told me to write down eleven
thousand eleven hundred and eleven,
and I failed, yet you passed me."
Will some one find out arith-
metical exercises, try this example
and report what they make of it?
The major saw among the relics on
exhibition, an old battered canteen
that had been through the war,
and thereupon he attempted an
apostrophe, with this result, which
may please some of our own Con-
federate veterans:

"Hail, old canteen, the Southern sol-
dier's friend,
While on the march his country to
defend,
Close by his side, thy shining form
was seen,
And none stuck closer than his old
canteen."

There is one old Confederate in
Pocahontas, "Captain Jim," who
can match it, so let us hear from
him.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**L. C. BARTLETT,
PAINTER,
PAPER HANGING,
FRESKO WORK,
SIGN PAINTER.**
GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

ROOFING Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roof-
ing, with trimmings, and
tools to lend, or sold, as
keep. Can be laid by any-
body; shipped everywhere.
PAINT red and black, for metallic
roofing. Greenstone Preser-
vative for shingles, posts
and wood work.
LADDERS that shorten or lengthen;
for painters, carpenters,
fruit growers, etc.
PAPER heavy building, for sheath-
ing, lining rooms and floors
PRICES low. Circulars and quotations
by addressing,
WM. A. LEST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

EVERY PERSON
Looks to his own interest, and how
to make hard times easy. The
way to do this is to go to
A. D. BARLOW'S
Wholesale and Retail Store at
BEVERLY, W. VA.
where he is selling flour at cost
and carriage. Note the
following prices:
XX. in \$1.00
Sieve Plate (good family) 2.00
Old Dominion Hams 2.00
Old Dominion Beef 1.50
Gold Medal (pork) 3.50
While getting your flour, you
get meat, salt, butter, and farm-
ing implements of all kinds at our
respectably low prices.

E. H. Smith,

**PRESCRIPTION
DRUGGIST,**

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines,
etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compound-
ed at all hours, day or night. A
competent Pharmacist will have
charge of the Prescription Depart-
ment.

We invite everybody and promise
cheap prices and polite attention.
E. H. Smith & Son's Old
Stand.

FEED, LIVERY

—AND—
SALE STABLES.

**First-Rate Teams and Saddle-
Horses Provided.**

Horses for Sale and Hire.

**SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR
STALLIONS.**

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade
are invited to call. Young horses brok-
en to ride or work.

J. B. G. WILSON,
Marlinton W. Va.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer—Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital \$100,000.00.
N. C. McNEIL
MARLINTON W. VA.

FURNITURE.



Fine Hardwood Furniture,
Stock always on hand,
And Orders taken.

**All Handmade.
Wagon Making and
Repairing.**

SAW FILING.

GUN & LOCKSMITH WORK.
A. G. BURROWS.
COPIES made to order.
Marlinton, W. Va.

BLACKSMITHING

AND
Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Shops situated at the Junction
of Main Street and Dundy Ave-
nue, opposite the courthouse.

FAT FOLKS

Lightening Hot Drops—
What a Power Saver!
Very True, but it kills the Pain.
Send Everywhere, Every Day.
Without Delay, There is the Pain

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 17.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1894.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McIntire.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Robt. K. Burns.
J. A. Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk of Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
(C. E. Beard.
Geo. Baxter.
Chancellor, Geo. P. Moore.
Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock—Chas. Cook, Edray—W. H. Gross, Huntersville—Jas. R. Taylor, Danmore—O. R. Curry, Academy—Thos. Bruffy, Loholia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 1st Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. It is a levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Marlinton, West Va.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. MCINTIRE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Green, Tyler and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

Attorney-at-law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

D. R. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year.
The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

D. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

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Teal Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. References furnished.
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SECTIONS NOT UNION.

The attention of our younger citizens should be directed to a remarkable feature in our national legislation, with the hope that they may modify it when they assume governmental affairs. The matter alluded to is sectional law-making which passes under the name of honest legislation. The eastern states control the money power, hence, all financial laws are especially in their interest, and silver is virtually knocked out. Had the western states ruled the money power, free coinage of silver would be in active operation. In either party to financial legislation thus disposed of, where is there anybody to be found inquiring for what would be best for the interest of the whole country.

Many remember when all the political contests were between the North and the South. For a period the South was able to control. Then came the time when the South lost its political power, and thereupon all legislation went adversely. So far as national history this has always been the way. No party or political leader, of commanding influence stands for the whole country.

It is not best for any one section to have all the benefits, and were legislation transferred from a sectional basis, to a basis of justice to all, there would be more prosperity and less discontent, and restlessness among the people.

But there's nobody to manage the government, and it's a moving issue.

Once the South realized the whole power of the Federal government as being used against her. Now the West is complaining about the East getting all the benefits. The West is about to get the power, then the East will suffer. All for sections, nothing for union.

THERE exists no longer any doubt that the South is about to afford an illustration of what may be meant by the famous aphorism, "the first shall be last, and the last first." When journals identified with the interests and prosperity of the North, express sentiments like the following, the significance is startling, and is worthy of profound attention:

"In the opening of Oklahoma, the last of the government lands of special importance have been absorbed. Seekers of cheap homes must hereafter look for them in the South. The climate, the absence of destructive droughts, and the variety of products afford phenomenal advantages. Beyond all question, the time has come for greater activity in southern railroads, and in southern enterprises of all kinds, than has yet been seen."

Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD, author of Robert Elmore, David Grieve, and Marcella, enjoins two things, as important for all Christians to see to, if they would keep up with the "living present." First, see what Christ says of God, man, and nature, both from what was put in his mouth by others, and from the remarks of his followers about his own character and mission. Second, learn what discipleship might mean, and give themselves to it, without calculation, without resistance, and with a sort of divine abandonment, not even counting life dear.

Time is the only thing that will help trouble and cranking sleep.

The Late Unpleasantness.

As has often been remarked, it must seem strange to an outsider, that we people living at the county seat of a rich and prosperous county, in a town up to date in every other way, should lack telegraphic communication with the railroad. Yet this is the case, but the line is to be built another day, and now we want to go over the long, dreary waits that we have after some stirring event has taken place in the country.

On the evening of the election, after sundown, those of our citizens who had been plowing around in the snow and slush all day, explaining the mysteries of the Australian ballot, to a group of shivering peels, assembled around the red ballots posted, on which a man might look and not commit a felony; these workers being men most alive to the result of the election naturally turned their thoughts in that direction, and though these local politicians were not Edgar Allan Poe's, they might have asked a few questions about the election, had some mysterious visitor come in on their meditations.

Now these prominent Democrats one and all were feeling very comfortable and warm that night after the exposure on the day of the election, and if they could not be comfortable in any other way, they would take something and compel themselves to be comfortable. The result was that twelve Democrats had an evening of the most comfortable and pleasant before it.

In its usual impetuous fashion. The news that we would receive in a couple of days would but confirm this intuition, and except that it would give the figures, was looked upon to be superfluous.

The day after the election was devoted to waiting around the big fire at the court-house, waiting to see how the county had voted. A commissioner from some precinct would come in lugging a big, keg-shaped ballot box, of japanned tin. He was cold, and all he wanted to do was to hear how some other precinct had voted on Beard and Hogsett, and did not seem to realize that a crowd of "representative citizens" had been waiting for him for many a mortal hour, to know whether they were to locate at Huntersville, or whether Hogsett had beat Beard, sure enough. Finally, all the districts were in except Green Bank, and the excitement of the Beard-Hogsett contest was over, for with it all Beard was leading 461, and it could not be overcome by the vote of the remaining districts.

It was then that the friends of Mr. Beard, (and he has a host of them about Marlinton), were free to send in their congratulations, some of the envelopes bearing the great—a rooster rampant—which was to be the fowl's only appearance in politics of this year.

On Thursday, there were rumors about indicating that a good many Republicans had voted. These thickened during the day, but nothing on earth had been reported that we would believe before about 10 o'clock that night. Then the messenger arrived who had been sent to meet the mail at Academy.

The packet of letters, written by various friends in the railroad towns, presented an ordinary ap-

pearance from the outside, and there was nothing on earth to indicate that they carried the most unexpected tidings.

A "representative citizen" opened one of his hurriedly, and the first words visible on the typewritten page were "All gone to h—!" followed by the news that we have gotten used to by now. Then the "representative citizen" used terms of endearment that represented the feelings of every Democrat present.

The choice spirits assembled, being of both parties, a suggestion was made that a part celebrate by taking a drink, and that the others console themselves in the same way. Had it not been a "dry" town, this unheard of measure would probably have been taken.

After the first outburst of feeling, the casual observer could not have distinguished any difference in the crowd, unless it was a tired look, about the eyes of some staunch Democrat. This feeling is apt to bring on heavy fits of sleep, and very soon the Democrats threw up the sponge and went to bed.

The next day hardly a Democrat could be found but who had expected the landslide since last spring, but who had been afraid to say a word about it.

The Indian Printer.

An Englishman, who was for some years editor of *The Morning Post*, of Allahabad, gives some curious particulars of the uncertainties of the native Indian printer. He says:

"You want about three hundred compositors, one-half Hindu and the other half Mohammedan. When the Hindus haven't a sacred holiday, the Mohammedans have, so you must prepare for all emergencies. They don't understand a word of the English language, and they set up the copy by a kind of intuition. The first proof is disheartening and incomprehensible, the second is gayly idiotic, and then through the third and fourth stages, after corrections, it assumes a coherent form. You can't argue with the foreman printer, who is an imposing creature in flowing robe and turban. He doesn't understand, and thinks you are saying something complimentary. All you can do is to swear at him in a loud tone of voice before the other men if he does not carry out your instructions. This humbles him, and he goes steadily for a few days when his salaams begin again to increase and his usefulness to evaporate. But look at the wages. At two dollars a month the compositors consider themselves wealthy enough to keep a wife and family and several other families involved by their marriage. The coolies who work the presses get no more than one dollar a month, and at that figure you must admit that they are cheaper than gas, electricity, or any other motive power, for that matter."

"My husband is absurdly afraid of fire." Has he ever suffered from them? "Yes, he had one to make once in the kitchen stove."

How many sticks go to the building of a crow's nest? None; they are all carried.

The reason—Sally—"What a silly smile young Freddy Lusher has on his lips this evening."

Chaperone—"Yes, He has been putting too many smiles between them."

The Corrington Boom and Improvement Company will sell all its property including the Intervent hotel and wind up its affairs. The sale takes place this month.

DO YOU WANT A SITUATION?

Prof. Wilbur R. Smith, Lexington, Kentucky.

For 18 years President of the renowned Commercial College of Kentucky University, gives special attention to securing situations for his graduates. Cost of Business Course about \$0 dollars, including Tuition and Board in a family.

Prof. Smith has kept books; several years Vice-President of a bank; World's Fair Commissioner from Kentucky, and a reliable business man.

Among the 10,000 successful graduates of the Prof. Smith, are 100 in banks, 100 officials from this and other states. Prof. E. W. Smith, Principal of the College referred to, was awarded the medal at World's Columbian Exposition, for Book-keeping, etc.

If you wish a Business Education, or a knowledge of Phonography, Typewriting, or Telegraphy, at the least total cost, with diploma from Kentucky University on graduation, we advise you to cut this out and write for circulars to Prof. W. R. Smith, Lexington Ky.

How a Poem Saved a Ship.

The recent death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes recalls an interesting incident connected with his literary work. In the year 1829 a great many men and women in this country were disturbed by news that came from Washington. The Secretary of the Navy, it was said, after hearing that some of the timbers in the frigate *Constitution* were unsound, had ordered this old ship to be broken up and destroyed. How to prevent this destruction now became a question of the day. Some people suggested one thing, some another, and the newspapers were filled with protests against the destruction of the most famous ship in the navy. In the midst of it all a poem appeared in a Boston newspaper. Though it was a short poem, of only three eight-line stanzas, few poems have ever accomplished so much. It was copied into every newspaper in the land, it was printed on handbills and circulated in the streets of Washington. Everybody read the poem, and everybody felt so indignant at the Secretary of the Navy for having even thought of destroying the *Constitution*, that, rather than incur further ill will, he issued orders that the famous frigate should be thoroughly overhauled, repaired, and put into service again.

The author of "Old Ironsides," the little poem that had accomplished so much, was Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man of twenty, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1829. He wrote the poem, as he afterwards said, very hurriedly while sitting at a window of the old gambrel-roofed house which was his birthplace and early home. Although in after-years Dr. Holmes wrote many poems that in some ways were greater than this, it is safe to say that not one of them was ever as wisely read or as wisely quoted. This is the last stanza of that poem.

"O better that her shattered bulk
Should sink beneath the waves—
Her thunder should be hushed,
And there should be her grave.
—Said to her men her helms
Set every thunderside
And give her to the god of storms.
The lightning and the gale!"

Among the breakers. "I suppose you spent your summer down where the wild waves break, Mr. Putnam?"

"Well, not exactly. I was down on the beach, as usual. But it isn't the waves that do the breaking there, Miss Babble."

"No?"

"Oh, no! The hotels do that. They break 'em."

"FAILED."

Failed at the goal which once had been my aim.

The dreamt post which I once had sailed,
I think the green waves above my name
Must be "He failed."

Failed to achieve the vision and the quest,
The self-forgetting and self-sacrificing;
Failed to strain the harness of self
Beyond all price.

Failed to reach the midnight, having sold
For passing pleasure and from fear of
pain.

Paying the wages of God's eternal gold
For timely gain.

Failed of the purity that purges sight,
The faith that nourishes with daily bread;
Failed of the hand that reaches through the night
To guide our tread.

Failed, having laid his hand upon the plow,
Reason to falter and so soon to tire;
Failed, though the God of life may even
now
sare as by fire.

However bright life's after-glow may flame,
It seems retreat that have so long as-
sumed.

"What the given word is above my name
Must be "He failed."

Arthur L. Salinas, in The Academy.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

BY EMMA A. OFFER.

JUST hate it!" said Julia Ives, not violently, but plaintively.

"What?" her mother questioned, in anxiety.

"The house," Julia looked up in startled apprehension.

Not that they were astonished at her having found something new to despise. She was their only child, and perhaps a little spoiled and capricious.

"Oh, Pelham Heights and everything in it!" said Julia. She had on her gray riding-habit, with a roselund on her lapel. "I'm sick of Pelham Heights! Let's move! Isn't two years of it enough for you? Such a place—such restrictions! You can't build a house under four thousand dollars; you can't keep a cow; you can't," said Julia, excitedly, "wear a silk hat with a sack coat, or a coat without oil. I want to move out in the woods and live in a shanty and keep pigs!"

"Julia!" her mother gasped. And she added with as much severity as she was able to muster, "You are to live in Pelham Heights! When you have had such a magnificent time here, so much attention from all the gentlemen, and—"

"The gentlemen!" Julia murmured, pulling on her gaiters. "It is the gentlemen that I want to get away from. You meet one Pelham Heights man, and you know all the rest. They're precisely alike. They're just like the place itself—perfectly correct, and polite, and well, and monotonous and tame, and—and wearing! I'm deathly tired of them! If I could meet a—farmer or something," said Julia, "that didn't know anything about clothes or the opera, or the books that you have to read if you're proper, and that wore a slouch hat and tucked his trousers in his boots, and said, 'ain't' and 'in tell'—if I could meet him I'd marry him!" Miss Ives informed her staring parents.

And then she went out and mounted her horse, changed her mind about having the groom accompany her, and rode off alone.

"I don't know what to make of her," said her mother, despairingly. "She isn't like my family. She's an Orent. She has your Aunt Felicia Orent's nose, and she's like her. I hope she won't do anything peculiar. I couldn't live through it. If she only would take a liking to some nice fellow here in town and settle near us!" But how she talks!

"Let her alone," Julia's father responded, with a cynicism which was exasperating. "She's a little romantic just now, but she'll come out just as she ought to go. She's a level-headed girl. I'm not worrying about her."

"You ever worry about any thing?" said his harassed wife. "If she could like Horace Upham or Spencer Prescott—both eligible. But she won't."

"She'll like somebody just as good," Julia's grandfather retorted.

Miss Ives chirruped to her horse till he struck into a hard trot. People bowed and smiled from hammocks and porches; hats flew off at her approach.

She saw Spencer Prescott on his bicycle and Mr. Upson in his road cart, and she smiled in welcome. Perhaps her father and mother had considered it nonsense, but she was tired of Pelham Heights. She did pine for something new and interesting.

She did, she thought the Pelham Heights society men, and she did feel a gloomy despair of ever knowing anybody any better, or stronger-minded, or braver. It was all perfectly true.

It was a beautiful day, and she wanted to get as far away from town as she could.

Bingo enjoyed the outing as keenly as his mistress. He trotted smoothly and swiftly. At turning of a new road, Julia reined him at last, hesitatingly, then sent him on.

His feet looked smooth. It was inviting, at any rate; there was a shady thicket on either side.

Miss Ives threw back her graceful head and drank in the woody fragrance. Bingo bounded along with positive enthusiasm. But Bingo was rather young and sometimes headless without a strong guiding hand, and Julia had forgotten everything but her triumphant enjoyment of being five miles away from Pelham Heights.

At an unlooked-for unevenness in the newly-made road, Bingo stumbled in the mud, and fell over himself and came down on his knees, with a frightened whinny, and his mistress was thrown to the ground.

She was on her feet the next instant. Had anybody seen her—her, that was rated the best horse woman in the region? She had a shudder of creeping certainty that somebody had; and she was right.

Out from the tangle of young trees on the left came stalking a young man with a gun and a dog.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "I'm just in time. Are you hurt?"

"Not in the least," said Julia.

Her nose—the nose which partook of the qualities of her father's Aunt Felicia's—went up a haughty three inches. Bingo got on his feet and looked crestfallen.

"Well, your habit is torn a little," the young man observed, eyeing the tear with a twinkling expression.

Julia could have boxed his ears.

"I presume I should have discovered it," she retorted, stroking Bingo's nose.

"No doubt. And your pony came off," said the stranger, picking up the fallen roselund. "A Jack, isn't it?"

Julia fixed him with a severe look; but that look revealed to her some interesting facts—interesting and soothing.

He was a tall fellow, blonde-haired and blue-eyed and darkly sunburned; his eyes were really fine, and he wore a faded coat and a respectable looking old hat. He looked a good deal like a tramp, but there were the gun and dog.

"An American Beauty, since you are particular about knowing," said Julia, frigidly.

"I'm particular about everything; it's my nature," said the young man, in a tone of mild apology. "And you'll excuse me, but it disturbs me to see your hat on one side—fearfully on one side."

Julia's frowning eyes met his. She could not hold out against his mischievous, gay impudence. She laughed.

"I did look absurd, I suppose, and Bingo took me. We never made such a break before, did we, Bingo? Is my hat straight now, please?"

"Perfectly, geometrically. Seriously, I was frightened when I saw you go over. Are you certain your eye's not hurt?"

"Not a bit."

She blushed a little under his look of concern.

"But you are shaken up a little bit. Let me tell you," he said, almost shyly, his strong, brown hand raised to her forehead.

"There is a farmhouse only a quarter of a mile up the road, and I know the people well. If you will ride up there with me, I will get you some milk, or buttermilk, whichever you like best. I happen to know the quality of it. I've had many a meal there."

"Is buttermilk the best thing to take when you've fallen off your horse?" said Julia.

"Always. You know those little books about first aid to the injured? Buttermilk is always recommended in a case like this."

"You are ridiculous, Julia said, laughing.

"Isn't buttermilk alone, you know, Mrs. McIntyre makes splendid gingerbread, and she's been baking to-day. It melts in your mouth."

The buttons were off his coat—most of them. He was peculiarly graceful every move was easy. What was his name?

"I don't know, Julia murmured.

"It's too unconventional," said her new acquaintance. "Don't say so. You don't know Mrs. McIntyre's ginger-cake—you don't, indeed?"

"Unconventional!" Miss Ives echoed. "I hate conventionalities!"

The young man cast a look at her school-girl stare.

"So do I," he responded, quite solemnly. "Do come, then. I can smell that ginger-cake 'way here."

"You are an incorrigible joker," said Julia, looking her lip as she laughed.

"I will go," she added, with a pretty gracefulness quite her own; and he helped her to mount.

She rode back past the scene of the accident seventeen short minutes later.

She looked at the spot where her horse stood and laughed at her, and felt, too, a sharp regret that she should be him so much, that she would not admit it even to herself.

She had left him at Mrs. McIntyre's; she looked back impulsively, but the

house was out of sight. She had not got the faintest notion as to who he was. For all she knew he was a farm-hand. But he was a strangely clever and well-bred and handsome farm-hand, and—fascinating.

And she was going back to Pelham Heights—back to Spencer Prescott and Horace Upham. Her hand dropped; her eye went on the dusty road so bravely.

"Bingo," she said, "I'm sorry we came out this way. Yes, I am."

There was a hop at Pelham Heights club house, a week later. It was small, because the club was exclusively and early.

Mr. and Mrs. Ives and their hand-some daughter came into the ballroom at nine o'clock, and were hemmed to directly by a small crowd of men—Mr. Upham and Mr. Prescott, and half-a-dozen others.

And Miss Ives's card was almost full, when old Judge Lambert reached over the head of the shortest man in the surrounding throng, and touched her arm.

"Give a dance for Jack Harcourt, Julia!" he commanded, with jovial familiarity. "My friend John Harcourt—Mrs. Ives, Miss Ives, Mr. Ives."

Julia was looking her best, in a pale-green silk and cloudy chiffon; but when she looked up at the judge's friend, she gazed and smiled and blushed till she looked quite dazlingly pretty.

"Allow me," he said. Somebody had taken her first dance, but she forgot it. She took Mr. Harcourt's proffered arm and walked away with him.

Neither of them spoke, but in a secluded corner of the room he pulled a dried rosebud out of an inner pocket and dangled it before her eyes.

"It was so glad you let me keep it!" he murmured. "It was kind in you."

"I didn't know you had it," said Julia, striving to frown, and smiling instead, with the happiness she could not smother. "Give it right back to me."

"Never!" said Mr. Harcourt. If he had been handsome in a disfigured coat and a slouch hat, he was a striking in a dress suit, with a white flower in his buttonhole. "You see your self how I have carried it around with me. Give it back."

Julia met his bantering look and returned it.

"You looked precisely like a tramp," she remarked, "or a farm laborer, and I thought you were. Are you?"

"Come out on the piazza," said Mr. Harcourt, laughing, in my contentment. "No, I'm not a farm hand, Miss Ives. I'm a lawyer up in the city, and when I feel the need of total rest I bury myself down there in the woods with the McIntyres for two weeks or so, and hunt and fish. Sometimes I judge ferrets out and make me stop a night with him and go to some 'function' here in Pelham Heights. So I bring my dress suit along as a provision against that catastrophe."

"The time, Miss Ives," said Mr. Harcourt, slowly and softly, "is to be a catastrophe. This time I blew the dear old judge from the bottom of my heart!"

Six months later, Miss Ives's engagement to Mr. Harcourt, the prominent young lawyer, was made with pomp and ceremony, and nobody was surprised.

Julia's mother drew long breaths of peaceful relief.

"I am so glad," she said to her husband, in her thankfulness. "You remember what alarming notions that child had awhile ago! She worried me terribly. And now she is going to marry John Harcourt, the most delightful society man I ever met, and have an establishment right here in Pelham Heights for all but a few months in the winter, and do everything just as we could have wished. And she is so happy with it all! Don't you feel thankful?"

Julia's father chuckled for several moments.

"Didn't I tell you she'd come out in good shape?" he queried. "She did have some notions one while, didn't she? It's the point of view, you see—it's the point of view."—Saturday Night.

Brazen Impudence He Thought.

A west-bound train had just pulled out of the Union Station at Albany, says the Express, and the conductor was harvesting tickets. All the seats were taken, and several passengers were obliged to stand up. Among the latter was a different-looking, mild-mannered man, who refused to give up a ticket.

"When I got a seat, you get a ticket," he remarked mildly, but firmly; "you are going to stand, and the company can't collect fare from passengers who don't get seats."

"Oh, come now, that don't go; I want your ticket, see?" This spoke the conductor.

"No seat, no ticket," is commonly observed by the passenger.

"We'll see about that," drawled the conductor, who looked around and finally found a brother-conductor who was waiting up the road, a way, whom he induced to give up his seat to the mildly firm passenger.

"There's a seat for you," said the brother conductor, and the conductor, in a leisurely tone, "Certainly, here it is." And the mild, but firm, passenger handed out a good good to Chicago.

THE SEA'S ODD DENIZENS.

VIRN THAT CLIMB, LIVIN' WOODS, AND OTHER SOUNDS.

The Climbing Fish of the Dutch East Indies—Fiery Inhabitants of Forests—Musical Fish.

IMAGINATION had a boundless range in devising legends and marvels about fish until Knowledge clipped her wings, remarks the London Standard.

When Lieutenant Daldorf, of the Dutch East India Service, reported to Sir Joseph Banks that he had caught a fish on the stem of a palm tree five feet above the ground, and still mounting upwards, even Sir Joseph's acceptance of his tale did not preserve that officer from an outburst of universal mockery.

The creature was not dead on earth, the fish expected to find useful for its purposes at the top of a palm tree? The earliest reporter of this fact, Albozezy, who wrote in the ninth century, had a sufficient explanation. He was not bothered with science.

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To Sir Emerson the notes sounded like "the gentle thrills of a musical chord or the faint vibration of a wing-beat when the wind is stirred by a mischievous finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each distinct and clear in itself, the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest base."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The huge hold five quarts of air. There are 173,706 species of plants known.

The trolley is used for street sprinkling at Louisville.

The normal weight of the liver is between three and four pounds.

The elephant takes eight breaths a minute; the mouse one hundred and twenty.

The French war department has reported in favor of a new bunker made of aluminum and copper.

The liver, like the heart, is a great idle, though it performs a great deal of work, several hours after digestion has begun.

Our cat, with his train of attendant planets, is traveling through space at the unthinkable speed of eighteen miles per second.

A Florida turtle's burrow was explored and among its inhabitants were found thirteen species of insects, ten of them new to science.

Glass, copper, zinc, lead, platinum, carbon, plaster, petroleum, silk, cotton and paper are used in the manufacture of incandescent lamps.

Of all the water evaporated by the sun from land and sea, not one drop returns which has condensed on a particle of dust as a nucleus.

Platinum has been drawn into wire so fine that eighteen strands of it twisted together could be inserted into the hollow of a human hair.

Camels are, perhaps, the only animals that cannot swim; immediately after they enter the water they turn on their backs and are drowned.

Dr. McClintock, of the University of Michigan, has performed experiments which indicate that eggs may become infected with microbes before they are laid.

Baths are named from the temperature as follows: Cold, 59 to 65 degrees; cool, 65 to 69; lukewarm, 69 to 79; tepid, 79 to 85; warm, 85 to 95; hot, 95 to 100.

Richard Hennig concludes that a great flood was contemporaneous with the last ice, converting countries in higher latitudes into swamp and sea, and leaving only isolated islands, Egypt, for instance—free from inundation.

About nine per cent. of amputations of the arm are fatal, and about eight per cent. of amputations of the leg at the knee. Hip joint amputations are rarely successful. Nine patients out of ten die under or immediately after the operation.

In health and during exercise the average man has about twenty respirations a minute and forty cubic inches are inhaled at each respiration. In an hour 48,000 cubic inches of air will be inspired; in twenty-four hours, 1,152,000 cubic inches.

The director of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, announces that the southern polar cap of Mars has already receded beyond the mountain summits detected by him on June 8 last.

An observation, an observation, of July 10 shows a minute patch of snow on one of the summits, entirely separated from the snow cap itself. This is considered as evidence that the mountains are not very high.

Peasant Jewellers.

The stamming of silver was very little known in Russia until about 1850, and the work previous to that time was chiefly executed by hand.

It began to be developed by the Moscow manufacturer, Orehnikov, who founded his establishment in 1845.

Later on he opened at his works a school with practical classes of drawing and of the science of silver art.

The jewelry industry is principally centred in St. Petersburg and Moscow, where it has numerous representatives who possess well-organized factories.